

A BALTIMORE CAT WITHOUT HIND FEET. NINTH VICTIM OF RAJAH. I AM ONLY A DOG, BUT I SING TENOR. MEN OF MONEY HAVE THEIR DOGS TATTOOED. A HEN THAT LAYS EGGS TO ORDER. LISTEN TO THE MUSICAL RAZOR BACK. STORY OF A WILD CAT THAT IS TAME.

SOCIETY is having its dogs tattooed. The fad originated in Pennsylvania, and emanated from a Yankee by the name of Butler. Since the war he has been busy tattooing soldiers, but the supply of volunteers appears to have dwindled, and Butler, with considerable tact, opened up a dog marking business.

He began by tattooing a few dainty monograms on some of the leading poodle dogs of Reading, and in a short time it was the fad to have a dog bearing the Butler mark.

From all over the State dog fanciers began to send in their setters, mastiffs, bulldogs, spaniels and hounds, with special instructions as to the exact marking they required. In a little while the fad reached such a stage that a Pennsylvania dog without a private mark on his chest or in the inner coat of his ear was an outcast in good society.

All sorts of devices are created, and Mr. Butler proceeds with his ink and his needles to lay out a design that will become the particular canine who has been selected to wear it. Great attention is given to dog complexions in this work. A pink skinned Gordon setter will take a blue tint nicely, and a mouse colored Chinese terrier will have to get his brand in red.

A variety of grades in colors are utilized, but the popular colors are red, blue and black. Sportsmen in the field take particular delight in imprinting of each other how and where their dogs are marked. It is just as easy for a hunter to talk dog marks as it is for a bicyclist to talk about chainless wheels, pneumatic tires and noiseless sprockets. As a matter of fact, it is expected of you to drift around to the common Pennsylvania topic of tattooing.

Gun clubs of caninist temperament have their dogs marked just as wheelmen adopt club uniforms. Rival hunters size up strangers by the marking on their retrievers. Considerable class feeling is likely to arise on this score before long. A wise man will not go too deeply into the matter if he thinks the stranger met on the highway has a dog that belongs to an opposition organization.

And then again there are other reasons for this fad coming into vogue. Mr. Butler is about the best authority on the innovation, and in an interview says:

THE LOVE STORY OF A DOG.

THIS is the true love story of a dog. It is certified to by many eye witnesses.

"Bob" was a big, black Newfoundland dog at Kenton, Oklahoma.

Nell was another black Newfoundland dog. She was a constant companion of "Bob," and likewise a dog of the town. The townspeople called "Bob" and "Nell" sweethearts. They were constantly together.

Three weeks ago, "Nell" died. Some one had given her poison. For three or four days "Bob" mourned and howled around the grave where the citizens had buried her. Then he went away in the night and has been a recluse since.

"He Prayeth Best
Who Loveth Best,"



"Both Man and
Bird and Beast."

A CERTIFICATE
OF OWNERSHIP



HOW THE TATTOOER BRANDS VALUABLE DOGS WITH PRIVATE MARKS.

"You see, so many dogs are being stolen nowadays that it is necessary to put an indelible mark upon them. Some thieves can take almost any kind of dog and do him up in such a way that his best friend won't know him. They can dye a dog, trim his ears or tail and disguise him in other ways. Not long ago I read of a woman who proved her ownership of a pet dog by showing some of his tricks to the magistrate. It struck me that if she had had her dog marked in some way she would have had less difficulty."

"I can take a long-eared dog and put his owner's initials on the under side of one of the ears, with blue India ink, and that will be a mark that will never fall. It is not very painful to the dog. I have marked many dogs, and the owners are all pleased. Some of the dogs were tattooed inside of their ears. On three I tattooed rings about their tails, with certain private marks known only to the owners. Of course, each owner for his own protection wants his dog to have a private tattoo mark which cannot be seen by the ordinary observer, so that when his dog is stolen the mark can't be destroyed, even if its place is discovered under the hair. The owner can then easily prove property."

"It is harder to tattoo a dog than it is a man. It takes one man to hold the dog and to keep back the hair so as to get in the ink is quite a job of itself. For an easy mark under a long-eared dog I generally get a dollar, but my price runs up to \$5 when the mark is big and in two colors and takes time. I have put a blue heart, outlined, on a dog's breast that you can't see unless you pull back the hair. Dog flesh is very much like a man's, and the tattooing heals up in about the same time. I have a job in view of tattooing a whole pack of hounds for a Chester County kennel club. These dogs get lost in the chase, but frequently they are stolen. When they are tattooed under their ears the mark can never be removed. Dog thieves ship stolen animals from one city to another, where they are sold or offered to be sold, but if buyers will closely inspect dogs under their ears, in their ears and on various parts of the bodies they will at once prove to them that the dogs were stolen. No honest dog fancier will buy or sell a stolen dog."

BROOKLYN'S DOG DRUNKARD.

BROOKLYN has a dog drunkard. Her name is Diana. She gets drunk regularly every Sunday and spends Monday in "sobering up."

Diana acquired her first jg on a glass of beer. After that Diana learned by some occult means where beer could be found.

Sunday is her day of days. She disappears after breakfast and never comes home until the evening. She is then heavy, inert, unconscious. In short, Diana is "sleeping it off." Diana never wastes the contents of a mug or glass. She thrusts her thin nose into it as far as she can.

Diana has had the delirium tremens twice.

Kittens Without Hind Legs Born in Baltimore.

This Hen Will Lay an Egg at the Drop of a Hat.

WHEN the stork called up Mrs. Sarah Alexander's cat recently it neglected to bring around enough legs for the little kittens that came along.

Mrs. Alexander lives at No. 532 Middle Alley, Baltimore, and her tabby has started the neighborhood and the town by presenting a litter of kittens two of which are devoid of hind legs.

There came originally five of the little rascals, but the popularity of the legless twain was of such character that two of the normal brothers died of grief and neglect in a few days. The other normal feline managed to pull through, and now poses as tabby's whole kitten.

In the meanwhile, the two freaks are attracting much attention. They are well made from the middle of the body forward, and seem to be constructed on the popular feline model in this particular. But their lower bodies slope down to a mere tail. This caudal appendage is muscularly developed to such a degree that the kittens can throw themselves forward by simply twitching it. At first glance it would seem difficult for them to get about with any degree of comfort. But they manage to scuttle around the room with wonderful facility. When they are in motion the front feet operate naturally and the other half of the body glides along the floor gracefully, and with a sort of springing movement. When an obstacle is encountered the kangaroo-like appendage comes into play, and over the kittens go. Visiting cats look upon them inquisitively, but the strange pair seem to be contented with each other. They are a month old, and very healthy and strong. What they lack in legs and feet seems to be made up in intelligence. They invariably retire to their pasteboard box at eventide, and if the whole kitten is in the way there is a small row.

Museum men are already bidding for these queer little fellows, and Mrs. Alexander finds it hard to hold on to her treasures. She believes that they came to her net through a special act of providence, and that it is her duty to see that they are well cared for.

For some unaccountable reason the mother of these two freaks regards them with more tenderness than is commonly observed among cats. She finds herself busily occupied, however, as they are hard to keep track of.

A DAM CHICK, a Connecticut poultryman, has discovered that fowls can be developed along the lines of intelligence. To be "as silly as a hen" is a proverb. The hen's mental apparatus gets "out of kilter" under slight excitement.

As Jersey cows have become gentle by generations of association with the gentle women of that island, so Mr. Chick has been breeding calm chickens in the atmosphere of peace. It seems strange that for this purpose he has chosen game fowls. On thought, however, fighting requires self-control. With these he has crossed the Sea Brights, and as a result has secured the brainiest breed in the world.

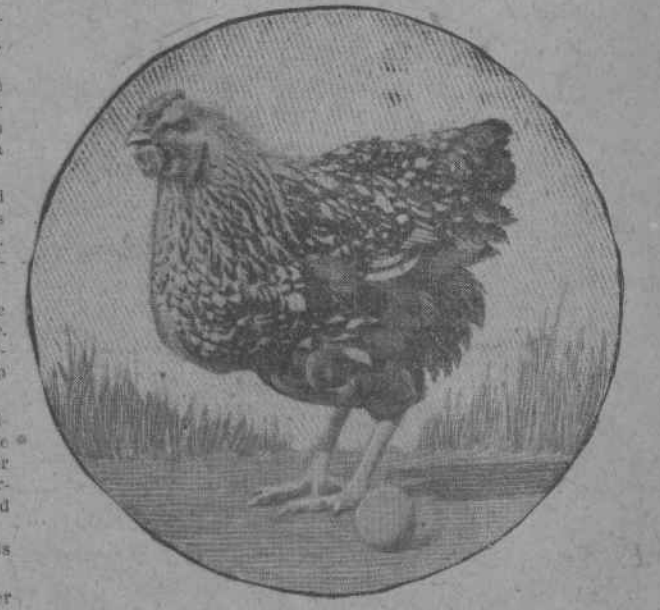
One of his pets is a pullet, which will at call fly to his shoulder and eat her food from his hand with evident enjoyment. She has a remarkable capacity for laying eggs at the drop of the hat, and when Mr. Chick deposits his chapman on the ground Mrs. Dewey proceeds to present him with a fresh Connecticut egg. This performance, however, will not permit of an encore. It occurs but once a day.

Mr. Chick asserts that he has greatly enlarged the capacity of this breed to make eggs. He says it is possible to secure an egg every day, except in moulting time. He, however, has one hen of religious proclivities, whom he calls the "Christian Hen-deavorer," who absolutely refuses to lay on Sundays. He does not desire to develop that strain, and will probably make her a martyr to her religion.

During a storm in the earlier part of the winter one of the residents of this gallantuous Athens strayed away and was buried deep in the snow. After twenty-three days she was dug out, still fat and contented. She had melted the bare earth by her bodily heat, on the Klondike plan, and had scratched out of the earth nuggets of nourishment. Mr. Chick frowned on the reporter's suggestion that she may have subsisted on a daily egg laid by herself.

Experiments are being made on the farm in the study of the hen dialects. It is found that these educated chicks require a larger vocabulary than others.

With increased intelligence there seems to be an enlarged demand for a greater vocabulary. Perhaps they become more observant and find more topics upon which to cackle.



"MRS. DEWEY," THE HEN WHO LAYS BY REQUEST.

THIS DOG SINGS TENOR TO THE CORNET.

A DIG THAT PLAYS POPULAR BALLADS.

TRICK dogs ceased to be a novelty at an early period of the world's history, probably about the time the Ark rested, but records of singing dogs are not more numerous than those of talking donkeys. It has remained for Harlem, in its first years after its goat era, to boast a genuine singing dog—a tenor.

This dog as a dog and nothing more is a magnificent specimen. He is a powerful greyhound, large as an Irish wolf dog or Russian wolf hound. He is mouse colored and royally descended. In dog nobility he would rank at least as a royal duke, and would have the upper ten or the four hundred lost in admiration in his trail.

Caesar—that is his royal doingship's imperial name—comes of the stock of the Master McGrath, the famous Irish dog. Master McGrath was worth a king's ransom and would not be surrendered by his owner, Lord Lurgan, for a kingdom. At that time his owner was offered \$10,000 for him, but he declined to part with his pet.



"GAESAR," THE DOG TENOR, WAITING FOR THE OPENING NOTE.

Caesar is certainly a canine genius in more ways than one. In his singing ability he is of course extraordinary. The cornet is Caesar's favorite instrument, and once he is given his keynote he will not tire singing for a whole day's length. His master, James A. Joyce, is a good deal of a musician, and master and dog spend many musical hours in their little flat not a stone's throw from Lexington avenue.

Directly the cornet is produced Caesar gets on his feet, and his feelings of joy are to be seen clearly in his eyes.

While waiting for his master to begin he frisks about him, fawns on him and then stations himself in front gazing earnestly up into his face. The moment Joyce raises the cornet to his lips Caesar elevates his head, throws it back and with snout turned upward and eyes fixed on his master's face settles himself in his pose and awaits the beat to begin. From start to finish of "Kil-larney," which is his favorite, the dog will not miss a note, high or low. Any child can make friends with Caesar.

THERE used to be a genius in Pennsylvania by the name of Baker, who held that a pig had more sense than a man. But he was generous enough to admit that it took considerably more time to prove it. Mr. Baker even set out to prove it himself, and among other plays he secured one which he called the "Missing Link." This particular razor back helped the Baker theory along considerably and finally went to London with his master, where he astonished the Britons by playing the popular songs on bells, which he rung with his snout. Since that time the "Missing Link" has caught on. His trainer tells in his own words just how intelligent the porker from Pennsylvania is. He says:

"I arrange his instrument in front of him, with an attachment connected with the bells, or keys, as the case may be, so that, by pulling the attachment, it causes a vibration and produces the note desired. I then attach a number to each note from 1 to 8, and, when I want him to play any



"MISSING LINK," THE RAZOR BACK, PLAYING A POPULAR BALLAD.

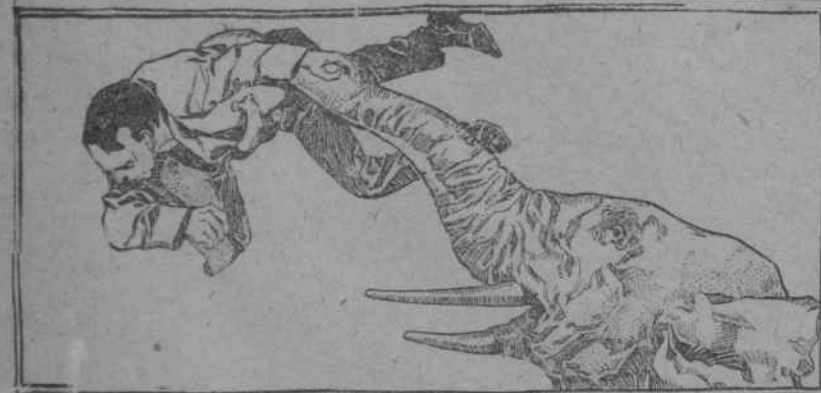
desired air, I call the numbers that produce it. For instance, numbers 1, 2, 3, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 1, 2, 3, 5, 3, 2, 1, play the first bars of "The Last Rose of Summer," and thus any ordinary air can be performed in the same way. What has surprised me most is his wonderful memory and distinguishing power. If I change a bell in the scale, he recognizes it as quickly as I do. If he is running up the scale with a misplaced note in it he will stop when he comes to it and try it over again."

Other instances could be given of his remarkable powers. The proprietor of this wonderful pig has studied and taught animals for forty years.

Pigs as a rule can be taught to do tricks, as easily as a dog. They are not quite so companionable it is true. But they are much more productive as money makers. They seldom, if ever, show any affection for their masters and go through their notes in a sort of mechanical way. In Mexico they are used as guardians for children, and it is a dangerous pastime to annoy them under these circumstances.

RAJAH, THE ELEPHANT, KILLS HIS NINTH KEEPER.

A WILDCAT WHOSE FEROCITY HAS BEEN TAMED.



"RAJAH" IN THE ACT OF KILLING HIS NINTH KEEPER.

RAJAH, the mastodon in Lemon Brothers' circus, has slaughtered his ninth victim. This last tragedy occurred in Argentina, Kam, where the circus is in its winter quarters. The keeper had very foolishly entered the elephant paddock in an intoxicated condition and set about to make the big brute perform.

Rajah was in no mood to do tricks out of season and resented the keeper's attempt to make him work. Fisher was persistent, however, and seizing Rajah's trunk he ordered him to open his mouth.

The beast's eyes twinkled for a moment and the great head began to sway in disapproval. Another order came, and was followed by a twisting of the trunk. The next instant all the fire in Rajah's heart burst within him, and with a loud trumpet he hurled his keeper to the ground, breaking his arm.

This did not satisfy him, however, and he made several unsuccessful attempts to penetrate the prostrate man with his tusks. Once, twice, three times he loosed downward and, finding that he could not work out his desires in this way, he trumpeted again and sank forward on his knees, bearing all his great tons of weight on Fisher's chest, crushing him frightfully.

THE most difficult animal to tame to domesticity is the American wildcat, and unless it is taken in infancy one might as well attempt to quell a scorpion. However, there is a gentle behemoth of the wildcat family in Chicago. His name is Bromo-Seltzer. He was born in the wilds of Northern Minnesota nearly two years ago, and was taken from the nest before his eyes were open, after a desperate encounter with the mother in which she was killed. He spent the first year of his life near his birthplace, in the cabin of his captor, and his education began. In the Fall of '97 he made the journey to Chicago and was installed in the offices of Mr. George W. Mathison, 371 East Randolph street, Chicago. He enjoys perfect liberty in his city home, and plays around the offices as a domestic kitten would do. He is very affectionate, and wants to be petted. He weighs about fifty pounds, and measures thirty-five inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, height eighteen inches, and forty-eight inches when he stands on his hind legs; four and one-half inches across forehead between base of ears, and three inches across foot when resting flat. He has many visitors, and always receives them with quiet friendliness. He is the delight of ladies and children, and a wonder to the men.



"BROMO SELTZER," THE WILD CAT WHO WAS DOMESTICATED.

MRS. MOOR MOCAQUE,

"CHEE-EE-AK!" shrieked Mr. Moor Mocaque last Wednesday Morning at the Philadelphia Zoo, mounting to the topmost bar of his cage and surveying the interior of the monkey house at the Zoo. "Chee-ee-ak! We've got a baby at our house, we have, Chee-ee-ak!"

The rest of the monkeys—there are about one hundred of them fought for advantageous positions in the cage corners nearest Mr. Moor Mocaque's residence. Such a confused babel of curiosity and congratulation was never heard before. Monkeys, black and red and white, climbed upon one another's shoulders to get a look at the newcomer; great gray apes hung flat-pressed against the bars, and even the dainty little lemurs, who are usually as well behaved as small girls at Sunday school, caught the excitement and chattered like the flock of grackles in the trees outside.

"The Moor Monkeys have got a new baby!" shouted the visitors; and all over the Zoo, from the bear pit to the foxes, the animals took up the cry. Only the buffalo grumbled refused to say anything worth growing enthusiastic about, then the buffaloes are always cross and ugly, and no one cares for them, anyway. In fact, it is a standing secret that the family is lamentably degenerate. A day long monkey house was a scene of jubilation. The



MR. MOCAQUE, HIS WIFE AND THE BABY.

THE "MONK," HAS A BABY.

Inhabitants jumped from bar to bar and chased each other madly above the din and confusion Mr. Moor Mocaque's voice sounded. "Chee-ee-ak! We've got a new baby! Have a cigar!"

While the proud father celebrated the addition to his family, his better half sat in a dark corner with her back to the light and huzzed to her motherly breast the unconscious object of much rejoicing. Once she climbed to the top of the cage, making a sort of hammock of her long gray body for the safe soiled refuge of her jealously guarded prize-of-life. Mostly, however, she curled up as far away from the people as possible and sent the furmish of her husband and other son when those who tried to steal her baby away from her for the purpose of weight lifting.

Now and then the proud mother trotted it up and down on her knees, and when the little one felt drowsy folded it in her arms and rocked it to sleep.

And what a baby! The lady of the cage next door said it looked just like a human infant. The lady of the cage next door was beyond doubt envious. It could not be said that the baby was a thing of beauty, but from the way the mother cuddled it, you might have inferred that its eyes were diamonds and its teeth pearls. It had no teeth, of course, and its eyes were hidden somewhere in the mass of loose white wrinkles that constituted its face. The rest of the beastie was colored a peachy pink, and it wore no clothing. At last accounts mother and child were doing nicely.